

THE
Alpine Wanderers;
OR THE
VINDICTIVE RELATIVE:
A TALE,
FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY A. BROWN.

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THE *ALPINE WANDERERS.*

IT was a dark stormy night, in the midst of December, when the old Count St. Alvers and his family were preparing to quit their abode, an unfathomable mystery seemed to hang over their heads; the castle which they were upon the point of leaving, had been inhabited by them for the space of ten years—the Count had purchased it, as it was too retired for the owner. Before we proceed further, it will be necessary to give some account of St. Alvers. This, then, was all which was known.

Ten years before this period, preparations were made at Montrose Castle, for the reception of its new owners, who came late one evening, accompanied by two domestics. The family consisted of the Count St. Alvers, his Lady, Frederic, their eldest son, about fifteen years of age; Olivia, the eldest daughter, twelve; Mary, the next, nine; and Robert, the youngest boy, about five, completed the number. The retired life they lived kept every one in ignorance of who they were, or from whence they came. To the enquiries which were naturally made, Jaques and Alice had orders to say that their master was of an ancient but reduced family, whose present fortune was very slender, and whose determination was to live there some years, until their children were grown up; at the same time it was hinted they by no means wished the visits of their neighbours, or meant to return them. This had the desired effect, nor were they disturbed by a single visitor; indeed, had they been so inclined they could have met with very little society, as there were nothing but cottages, and those of the meanest sort, within three miles of the place.

Their arrival afforded chat for the market-town near, where several people, mostly those retired from business resided; but the next event which happened released the St. Alvers from the lash of their tongues; and they were no longer thought on.

Frederic staid but a short time with them, when he was sent to England to finish his education. The Countess was solely employed in forming the minds and manners of her younger children—her age did not exceed thirty-five—her person was beautiful, but a heavy sorrow seemed to prey on her mind; even her lovely children failed to draw her a moment from her secret anguish. It is true, she attended to their education with the strictest attention; but no sooner was the task of the day completed, than she again sought her loved solitude—nor was the time of the Count spent differently: in drawing, &c. he occasionally improved his children, but his whole delight seemed in wandering about the woods and vallies, or climbing those beautiful hills with which that part of Italy is surrounded. Thus, with little or no variation, passed eight years, when the death of the Countess rather increased the gloom of the Castle inhabitants—her death was rather sudden; no one witnessed her last moments except Alice, who frequently after that was closetted with the Count, who every day increased in melancholy, secluding himself even from the sight of the children. They in vain strove to learn the cause of such excessive grief; for the loss of their dearest mother had cost them the utmost affliction, yet they rather sought consolation among each other, and naturally imagined it the surest way to heal the wounds of their afflicted father; he however rejected all their entreaties, persisting in this conduct for the space of two years. At the end of this time Frederic returned, and his presence restored something like comfort. He beheld with pleasure the beauty of his sisters and brother, the latter of whom begged him to take him to England when he returned. The time allotted for his stay passed quickly; Olivia and Mary were regretting that the time would so soon arrive which was to separate them, when, from the

the window, they beheld a countryman coming towards the Castle; Jaques had likewise seen him, and advancing towards him, received a letter from the clown, who only waited for his pay before he hastened away.

A letter was so uncommon a sight, that the young ladies flew to meet Jaques, from whom they received it, and were hastening to their father's apartment when they met their brother, who upon learning their errand, persuaded them to give it to him, as he was just going to seek the Count. He found him passing a long gallery at the west end of the building. Frederic advanced towards him, saying, "I met my sisters coming with this letter for you; they tell me it is an unusual thing except at stated times of the year, for any letters to arrive." The Count eagerly seized it, exclaiming, "Unusual, indeed! Heaven send it brings no new misfortune!" The letter was torn open—what was Frederic's horror when he saw his beloved father, on casting his eyes over the paper, fall senseless on the floor! In vain he called for assistance, he was at too great a distance to be heard, and he feared to leave the Count in the state he was in. He raised him from the ground, and opening a window near, had the pleasure of seeing him, in a few moments, open his eyes.

"Where am I!" he wildly exclaimed, "in the hands of my bitterest enemy?" "No, my father," replied Frederic, "in the arms of your son." He put his hand to his forehead, "I am better now," said he; "I now remember what has happened; where is the letter?"—it had remained on the ground—"I did not think I had been so weak; but give it me again, and help me to reach my chamber. As you value my life mention not a word of what has passed to any creature breathing, much less to any in the Castle—come to me again in an hour; in that time I shall, I hope, have recovered from this weakness, of which I am ashamed." He waved his hand to prevent a reply; and as Frederic closed the door, he said, "Remember, my life depends on your silence."

Frederic walked slowly back to his expecting sisters, who assailed him with questions that it was out of his power to answer; he therefore merely said he had delivered the letter to his father, who did not think proper to communicate any of the contents, but as he wished to be left alone he imagined it related to business. With this answer they were perfectly satisfied, and soon left him to attend to their morning avocations, whilst he counted the minutes which were to elapse, when he hoped to learn the reason of their being immured in that dismal abode for so many years. At the time appointed he met the Count, who was in extreme agitation. "We must fly," said he "this retreat, in which I had hoped to end my days, is no longer ours; for it is known concealment is necessary to my existence. I had hoped ere this the peaceful grave would have received me, and restored your sisters and brother to that world for which I know they sigh. It is not death that I dread; it is one of a nature too horrible to think on, that of a criminal, of a murderer." "Heavens, my Father!" exclaimed Frederic "you know not what you say; you have not recovered your recollection; let me beg of you to endeavour to get a little rest. I will sit by you until you are more composed." "Never shall I know repose more", said the Count "on this side the grave! but I do not rave you must instantly retire, and make preparations for our departure; we must away this very night. My children (he added) have been used to obey me, and they will have little to regret at leaving this solitary spot. Go, I entreat you; every moment's delay is of consequence. Alice and Jaques go with us, unless they are tired of my service, in that case make them a handsome present and dismiss them. The furniture must remain as it is for the present. As I shall have papers to arrange, I hope you will not interrupt me." "In what manner are we to travel?" asked Frederic, "Two carriages must be hired—Jaques must be sure not to mention our departure; but give them room to suppose it is some company who have been at the Castle on your account. I believe I have given all the directions necessary except this;" and he drew a purse

purse of gold from his cabinet, "to you I leave every pecuniary arrangement; I am not equal to the task myself."

Frederic withdrew to communicate the intelligence of the removal. "Any place will be preferable to this," said the lively Mary, "I am so delighted, I dare say papa is going to some city, he is tired of living in this stupid place." I rather think it is my father's intention to change this retirement for another," replied Frederic, "perhaps this may not be so healthy a situation as the one he intends removing to." "Then, why not take time in considering, and give us time to prepare?" asked Olivia. Frederic now saw there would be no end to their questions and conjectures, so determined to make use of artifice for the purpose of satisfying them. For the present, he therefore said, in the hearing of Jaques and Alice, that he had some reason to think his father had been imposed upon in purchasing the Castle; and that some person whose real property it was, had sent him notice to quit it immediately; and if they staid until he came, probably he would expect a reimbursement for the time they had staid; and considering the Count had paid a moderate price for it, he did not think himself bound to do it, even though the owner had been wronged; he fancied, therefore, it was his intention to leave the place, until the truth could be ascertained. In the mean time, the greatest secrecy must be observed in their journey. Too innocent to suspect deceit, the sisters readily believed the tale, but Jaques and Alice thought it much too improbable; but faithfully attached to their master, they pretended likewise to believe, and determined to preserve that secrecy they imagined necessary to his safety.

All was now bustle in the Castle, and at eight o'clock they were in readiness to depart. All the baggage they could possibly take was put into the carriages; lights were placed in the windows to deceive the neighbouring peasantry, into the idea that they
still

still inhabited the Castle. The Count thought by these means they would not think it was them, if any of them saw the carriages pass.

Frederic had urged the dreadful storm and the darkness of the night, as reasons for their stay, at least until the morrow; but the Count silenced him by observing: that had he chosen the weather, such should have been the night.

Trembling with apprehension, this family bade adieu to a place, which, under any other circumstances, would have given them the greatest satisfaction. The Count, after giving the drivers directions, sunk into gloomy abstraction; and nothing happened to impede their journey, until they arrived at a little village some distance from their late abode, which they did at break of day. The Count there dismissed the carriages, mentioning his intention to the postillions of staying there some days; but no sooner had they refreshed themselves and the wearied animals, and departed, than the Count and family did the same.

For some days they travelled—and to Frederic, who knew the country well, it seemed as though they were travelling merely to mislead, from the circuitous way they took. Olivia and Mary had no suspicion but that they were taking the direct road, only frequently remarked their journey was much longer than they expected; the novelty of the scene, however, more than made them amends for the fatigue they had undergone.

About noon on the fifth day, they arrived at the village of——, where the Count informed them, it was his intention to remain some time. The Count St. Alvers was between fifty and sixty years of age, grief had added in appearance at least ten more; his figure, which had been tall, was now bent, until his height was no longer above the middle size.

After taking a slight refreshment, he withdrew for some hours; on his return he summoned them into a
more

more private apartment, where he made known his future intentions whilst they continued in that village.

“Olivia and Mary were immediately to assume the dress, and (as much as possible) manners of peasant girls, and were to assist in the business of the house, in which they were to be instructed by Alice, who was to pass for his sister, and their aunt; Jaques was likewise in future to be his brother-in-law, and was to address them all, as though he really was that relation. he had,” he said, “too great an opinion of them both to believe they would not with pleasure accede to these measures, without displaying a useless or impertinent curiosity; his means were now slender, and he meant to bring his family to habits of industry. Some years ago,” he continued, “I relieved a family who lived in this place, a little time ago, I heard that they had an estate left them in a different part of the country, and were gone to reside there. I remembered their cottage, and journeyed hither in hopes of finding it still untenanted; nor was I disappointed. I have already made myself master of it; in a very few days it will be ready for our reception. In the mean time, Alice must purchase such things as are necessary for the dress of her nieces. As to Robert, when we are settled in our new habitation, I believe I must send him to England with his brother.”

He then asked them separately, if they found any difficulty in complying with his proposals. They one and all assured him to the contrary; and Olivia told him, that she hoped if his anxiety arose from the change in his circumstances, he would now lay aside all traces of it, for she felt convinced she should be happier, and far from regretting the change; if her dear papa was but happy, she should thank Heaven for making them poorer. The Count embraced her, and immediately left the room.

The next day they visited the cottage, where the day was spent in making the plain and necessary linen for

for their use; at night they returned to the Inn, if the wretched hut at which they were obliged to lodge, could be so called. The next and the following days were spent as the preceding, when their Cottage was judged fit for their reception; at least it was preferable to their temporary abode, which they now quitted.

The novelty of their situation took from the minds of the young ladies every disagreeable sensation. Dame Alice found in them, scholars, delighted with their task; and she was dignified with her new title from morning until night. Jaques, Frederic, and Robert, found employment in repairing the cottage, assisted by a peasant of the place.

The spring, which in that country displays in February, all the beauties of an English May, now advanced. When the work of the day was finished, the young folks strolled out for a walk, or joined the rural dance with the rustics of the village; for it was the Count's wish they should drop every appearance of superiority, and never had the sweet girls before tasted such happiness. The Count too, had lost much of his gloom—nor had they a moment's sorrow, until the departure of their brothers was talked of. This awakened once more their sensibility, and it required all the philosophy of their father to withstand their earnest entreaties not to part them: either to suffer them to remain there, or let them all go to England. "Where my dear father" cried Mary, "the peasantry are accounted much the happiest people, and we can then live all happily together. Besides, the poor there enjoy, I have read, a greater degree of freedom than here—and if that Old Marchesa should return to her Chateau, of whom we have heard so much talk, she may perhaps drive us from this place, for the very reason she ought to protect us, namely, because we are strangers."

"Your arguments are useless, my dears," answered their father, "it is necessary we should part. We are very comfortably settled, and it would be the height of folly

folly to leave it; besides you do not, cannot, consider the expence of such a journey. We shall frequently hear from your brothers, and occasionally see them. It cannot be as you desire; rest satisfied, it must be as I have planned it; remember you will soon meet again, and let the consideration that it is for their good console you. Go now, my girls, Dame Alice will require your assistance; and that time you are wasting in fruitless entreaties may be much more usefully employed."

Poor Mary dared not urge more, and retired in the utmost affliction. Their rural sports were almost neglected, the thoughts of the approaching departure of their beloved brothers damped the usual gaiety. I shall pass over the separation between these beloved relatives, as it can be much better conceived than described; for who has not, at some period of their lives, endured a like separation?

Some time had elapsed before the sisters had spirits to resume their usual occupations and amusements. But an event happened about this time which directed their attention entirely to another channel. The Marchesa de Cortes was expected at her Chateau, and notice was given to all the villagers to prepare themselves to welcome her amongst them once more. The Count desired his daughters to join with the rest of the peasants, as he meant to do so himself.

On the evening before the Marchesa was expected, the sisters walked out alone towards a favorite spot at some distance, discoursing about the morrow. "I dread the haughty looks of the Marchesa," said Olivia, "but I hope I shall be able to conduct myself towards her with proper humility." "To me," answered Mary, "the thought only affords mirth, I shall be so pleased to observe her airs and graces, and exerting her imaginary superiority; and then, most likely as she is an English woman, she will be talking her own language to those about her—how pleasant it will be for us to understand every word she says!" "I often think," replied Olivia, "our father is from England,
he

he speaks the language so very correct—his chusing that place for his son's education; and above all, the interest he takes in every thing that relates to that country." As she spoke they beheld two gentlemen coming towards them. They would have retreated, but it was too late; so assuming the simplicity of the country girls, they would have passed them. It was not, however, permitted; for catching them by the hand, they detained them; nor could all their endeavours to get from them succeed. They bent their steps homeward—the gentlemen resolutely attended them, begging them to tell them their names and where they lived, making use of all those high-flown compliments they supposed would be acceptable to girls in that situation. Now and then they conversed together in English, admiring their beauty, blessing their lucky stars in meeting with such lovely girls.

Olivia and Mary trembled at the idea of their father's meeting them with strangers. They learnt from them they were nephews to the Marchesa de Cortes, whom they had preceded a few hours, as the slow method their aunt travelled did not keep pace with the impetuosity of their disposition. At the earnest entreaties of the sisters they left them just before they reached the cottage; but not till they had extorted a promise from them to meet them the following evening. They made this promise from necessity; but without any intention of fulfilling it. Their heads were so full of this adventure, they could talk of nothing else—the young men were so different from any they had ever conversed with, or even seen before, they could but be pleased with them; and they retired to rest with different sensations to what they had ever yet experienced.

Late that night the Marchesa arrived, consequently the villagers could not pay the intended homage; but in order to make amends, they were desired to attend on the second day, to partake of a rural fete, and to dance on the lawn for the amusement of the company at the Chateau, the younger part of which mingled with them in the dance, and chose from among them such partners as suited their different tastes. Among them were

William

William and Henry Fitzmaurice, the two young strangers whom we have before mentioned, fearful of being too late, approach'd the Sisters to engage their hands as well as to upbraid them for not keeping their promise, "How could you be so cruel" said William to Olivia "I have scarce exist'd since I saw you last, during that time I have hover'd round the Cottage like an unquiet spirit which had been separated from what it held most dear." "Pardon me, Sir, (she answered) you compell'd us to make the promise; terror, lest you should be seen by my Father, induced us to seem to comply; but be assured we know too well the difference in our situations to be flattered by any attentions you might think proper to amuse yourselves by paying us: this dance ended, you must excuse me if I decline dancing, or chuse another partner." Olivia had insensibly forgot her assumed ignorance and reply'd with all her native elegance of speech, whilst William gazed at her in doubtful amazement; at length he cried, "Where have you dropt from? An inhabitant of this unpolish'd village! surely I dream or am addressing some princess in disguise." Vexed at having betrayed herself she blush'd and sought to escape, but to no purpose, she therefore, as soon as she had somewhat recovered herself, said, "You see before you, Sir, one, who by an imprudent forgetfulness has disobeyed a Father's strict commands. I am not superior in fortune to what I seem, but my father having received a good education has instructed us until we are, in some measure, superior to the lasses around us, but fearing this circumstance might become an object of envy to our companions, he has commanded us carefully to conceal this trifling advantage from every one.

William was enraptured, his disposition was inclined to the romantic cast, and he look'd upon the discovery as a happy rescue from the ennui which must inevitably have overtaken him when the novelty of the Chateau was over; and promised never to betray the confidence she had placed in him. After this, Olivia talk'd no more of seeking another partner. The Marchesa and the elder guests were soon tired of witnessing a scene of which they could not partake, they therefore retired to amuse themselves another way; their absence did not by any means

put an end to the diversions on the lawn; William Fitzmaurice redoubled his attention to Olivia, who without restraint conversed with him in the intervals of the dancing—the more he heard the more he was convinced that there was some mystery attached to the sisters; he plainly saw she understood him when he addressed his brother in English or French; and the refined Italian language was the one she had hitherto spoken to him in. While this couple were insensibly attaching themselves to each other, Henry and Mary were quite in a different situation, Mary kept up the character she had been desired to adopt, while Henry, charmed with her beauty, treated her in the way he judged would be agreeable to a raw country girl, who, he supposed, had never been noticed by any one except the rough peasants of the village; he danced, romped, and laughed with her, though, it must be confessed, he sighed to think what an ignorant mind was enshrined in her beautiful person, at the same time he concluded she would be an easy conquest. She plainly saw his opinion of her, and whilst she expressed an awkward wonder at the fine things he said to her, she inwardly smiled at him for being so easily deceived. Night came on, and the parties separated highly delighted with the occurrences of the day.

The Count had been prevented accompanying them from illness; Jaques and Alice had gone home some time, and the two sisters had enough to engage them on their way homeward—from this time they scarce ever went abroad but the Fitzmaurice's were their constant companions, they sometimes strove to avoid them, but it was to no purpose, they would not be denied. Henry was surprised to find his offers either laughed at or not attended to at all: he found himself more entangled than he was aware of, he would fain have persuaded himself she was perfectly indifferent to him, and, as he found she was inaccessible, he determined that each interview should be the last.

As to William, he secretly resolved if Olivia favor'd his suit to make her his wife. With this view he sought her one day as she was wandering near a very favourite retreat, her eyes were suffused with tears, he eagerly

enquired the cause of her distress, she told him that her father had found out their late walks had been for the purpose of meeting the gentlemen of the Chateau, he had accordingly for the future forbid them even to speak to them, and had likewise said, if they persisted in seeing them he would leave that place and seek another still more retired. He strove all in his power to comfort her, he assured her of his unalterable affection, and that he would make her his wife; begging her to return immediately with him to her father to whom he would make known his love, and tell him the only reason which should withhold him from publishing his marriage:—And he would even declare his sentiments publicly, and be unmindful of his future interest should her father insist on it.

With this view they again bent their steps towards the cottage, where the first person they saw was the Count, who, with a stern countenance, demanded the reason why he had not been obeyed. With a frankness the Count could not but admire William declared his love; his honourable intentions; stating, that he was for some time under the influence of his aunt who was rather ambitious, but a few months would behold him free from any ties except those of love, and begged the Count to consent to an immediate union. He urged the protection a husband would be to his lovely daughter, to the other of whom he would be a brother should any unforeseen event rob them of a father. These arguments had some weight with him, and, though at first he commanded him to mention the subject no more, as he would not suffer his child to enter any family who would regard her as an intruder; yet the latter arguments seemed to have some charms, and he told him he would take until the morrow to consider his proposals which he acknowledged were generous in the extreme.

With this promise the lover departed for the Chateau where a storm waited his approach he little expected.—The Marchesa's guests had all departed some days; this evening she had felt inclined to walk with her favorite woman—she had just reached the retreat our lovers had chosen when she heard voices; curiosity made her become

a listener, and her rage knew no bounds when she found the subject of their conversation.

She had recourse to art, and hurrying away to prevent a discovery, she hastened home to devise the best method of ending this affair.—Her long pent up passion could no longer contain itself, and on the appearance of William she loaded him with reproaches and threatened him with her everlasting anger if he dared to think in a serious manner of a little rustic who would disgrace his noble family. He would fain have urged the beauty and accomplishments of Olivia, but his Aunt interrupted him in a transport of fury, bade him quit her presence until he had learnt obedience.

William retired to his apartment with a heart overloaded with sorrow. Henry, who had been out, returned just after, where he heard his brother had fallen under the displeasure of the Marchesa, and no one knew the cause. To find out which he sought him.—His astonishment knew no bounds when he found his brother really intended to marry his new flame. But when he learnt she only feigned ignorance and was in reality accomplished, he was of opinion there was some mystery hung over their father's head which forced him to this concealment and that it could not be poverty alone.

William wished much to go to the cottage again that night, but his brother dissuaded him, fearing it might irritate the Marchesa still more, but promised to go himself early next morning when he would inform Olivia of what had happened and tell her he would see her soon, but at all events he would in a very short time become his own director, he would then return and claim her in the face of the world:—It was thus settled and the brothers retired for the night.

Let us now return to St. Alver's Cottage. The little family had just finished their evening repast when they were alarmed by a loud knocking at the Door. Alice demanded who knock'd, a voice from without replied, "A friend, who has something of importance to communicate". The door was opened, and a man entered

who wore a mask. On casting his eyes round the group before him, he singled out the Count and told him "He wished to speak with him in private". In evident agitation St. Alvers followed the stranger into another room. When they were alone the Count begged the man would inform him of his business. "You have reasons, Seignior, or I am mistaken, for concealment; Say, is it not so?" The Count paused, at length he answered "No" The stranger again said, "If not it is all well, but I had reason to believe you were in imminent danger. I am a Friend, but shall not discover who I am at present. If you are the person, destruction awaits you unless you accept of my assistance which I freely offer.—Perhaps it was not you that was alluded to, if so, I beg pardon—Seignior, I meant well."

"But will you not tell me what reason you have to think it me and what is the danger that threatens me?" cried St. Alvers. "I dare not," answered the stranger,—"And yet my friendship is not to be trifled with. One moment determines your fate—I am interested for and would save you." "Oh, it is too true" said the Count, in an agony of grief. "I do indeed wish for concealment, but where am I to seek for it?" "I will find you a place," said the man. "You and your family must away to night." "You know then the necessity of our flight." "I do, and farther I can inform you at a short distance from hence is a subterraneous passage through which I will conduct you to some comfortable apartments, there you must wait until it be safe to seek some other place.—I shall take care to provide you with necessaries. You will consider of this—At an hour past midnight I shall return. If you are inclined to confide in me get every thing in readiness for a retreat. If not you will see me no more, but in my place you will see those you have far greater cause to fear.—Farewell." And he quitted the house in the same manner he had entered it without noticing any one else.

As on a former occasion, they were all commanded to be ready by the hour appointed, when, punctual to a minute, the knocking at the door was repeated. The Stranger was accompany'd by another who assisted to carry

the little baggage.—Neither spoke until one asked if all were ready, and, being answered in the affirmative, they slowly moved on. The night was as beautiful as the one before had been dismal, but heaviness hung on the hearts of all. They had just begun to relish the way of life when they were torn from it.

After walking about half an hour they arrived at the place where they were told their retreat lay. A huge trap door was raised and a flight of steps were discovered, which they were desired to descend, at the bottom of which appeared several winding passages through one of which they were conducted until they came to a large iron grating. One of their conductors apply'd a key to it and it opened with a loud creak.—The light, either by accident or design was extinguished so that they could not discern one object from another. One of the men went to get a light, but, staying a great while, his comrade said he would go in search of him, but, added he, "I know the way so well I had better lead you in one at a time and then I can return with some fuel at the same time." His offer was accepted, and with great care he led them into the room, where he felt about, as he said for some chairs; at length he found a long bench, which he drew forward and bad them be seated. When they had done so he left them, but had scarce shut the grate when from the ceiling was let down a small glimmering lamp, which served to shew the dismal place they were in. The bench they were rested on was the only furniture in it. At the farther end was litter'd some straw, evidently intended for beds.

Some time elapsed ere the Count expected the return of his guides, but at length a suspicion arose in his mind that he had been decoyed thither for some purpose or other and was no other at present than a prisoner. He kept his suspicions to himself, and said, "As their friends did not return something unexpected had no doubt detained them; in that case they had better seek repose on those beds of straw. Harrased by fatigue, they readily took possession of their humble pillows, and some time elapsed ere they awoke again to the wretchedness of their dungeon. But little difference could be then per-

ceived between day or night.—A faint glimmering of light only discovered the former.

The Count, who alone had not slept, paced the vaulted apartment, vainly wishing he had not been so precipitate. At length a noise at the grate called their attentions that way.—A man appeared at it with a basket and jug which he opened the grate wide enough to admit, and then, beseeching them to take it, he retired without speaking. They found it contained only provisions of the coarsest kind; this, however, was very acceptable to them, and they made a hearty meal. After it was finished they looked about them in hopes of finding something to employ themselves: their search proved vain, and, in a dismal inanity, they passed three days: the man at the same hour each day brought the same quantity of provisions, and, at the end of this time, gave them to understand they were prisoners to the Marchesa de Cortes whom they had by some means offended, but that day she meant to visit them and to offer such terms as they must either accede to or remain captives for life.

Accordingly, towards evening, the Marchesa entered their dungeon.—As she approached them with a haughty air the Count suddenly started, exclaim'd, Is it possible! and sunk lifeless on the ground. “What could it be?” she cried, “which had such an effect on him. I have never seen him before.” His afflicted family were too much engaged to reply, and, in a few minutes he revived. Looking round him his eyes again encountered the Marchesa.—“It is there again,” said he, “or is it real—Am I really awake?” “Yes, my father,” cried Olivia, “It is the Marchesa de Cortes whom you see.—The unfeeling woman who has consigned us to this dismal abode, but promise us our liberty” she added, (approaching her and falling on her knees) and I will bind myself by a solemn oath never to accept your nephew for my husband—Only restore us to that tranquillity of which you have robbed us. “Be comforted,” said the Marchesa in a softened tone, “On one condition I will not only pardon you but grant you a sufficiency to live without labour; but first let me enquire of your father why my presence affected him in so violent a manner.

“ Hear from my own lips who I am” then cried the Count. “ Twenty years ago I was the gay Lord Lindford.” “ Is it possible” exclaimed the Marchesa — “ My dear brother ! Where can you have existed so many years ? I heard you had perished with your family in your voyage to Lisbon, and long have we mourn’d you dead. Your implacable enemy has for some time mingled his dust among his ancestors.” “ Is he then dead ?” said Lord Lindford, for so we must now call him) “ Yes” replied the Marchesa, “ and, at that period, had you been in existence, it was expected you would have then made your appearance.” “ I knew not until this moment but that he yet lived, and still pursued me with unremitting malice. But tell how I find in you the Marchesa de Cortes,” “ My story is very short” she answered, “ but come, I must endeavour to make amends for my former injustice, you shall instantly be reinstated in your proper rights; it shall be known throughout my Chateau who you are, apartments shall be prepared for you, and come” added she, taking her brother’s hand, “ You must exchange this dismal place for one more deserving.—I did not know there was so horrid a prison, your comforts have indeed been very limited.” So saying she led the way, Olivia and Mary with the two domestics who had shared their confinement followed.

All that could possibly be done for their ease and comfort was instantly accomplished, and in a few hours their dress was changed for those most suitable to their rank. The Marchesa said gaily to Olivia, “ I am not so much surpris’d at William’s choice, and if he should now run away with my niece perhaps I should not take the trouble to overtake or prevent the fugitives from committing matrimony. But I have a pleasure in store for your lover who has been confin’d ever since your disappearance, too ill to think of overtaking you; his brother would have taken that task upon himself, but feared to leave him so ill, and, I rather think, suspecting me of having some hand in your sudden removal, he wishes to have an eye on my conduct. I will go and see if they will join my new guests.

She immediately repaired to their chamber.—“ I am come to request your company,” said she. “ I have guests I have reason to think you will be pleased with. Not even your illness William, must excuse you.” The brothers attempted some excuses which the Marchesa would not attend to. “ I have selected a wife for each of you. I will not, however, attempt to bias your choice, if you do not approve of them, in that case, I promise no longer to oppose your union with the rustic you thought proper to chuse in defiance to my will and power.”

Convinced no object, however amiable, could displace the girl of his heart, William consented to go with her to the drawing room, tho’ his extreme agitation had reduced him to almost childish weakness. Henry followed, almost doubting his senses at his Aunt’s change of demeanour; his surprise was much greater at beholding the party there assembled. “ Behold” said the Marchesa, “ a brother whom you have heard me speak of as dead, he has long been so to me, but, by a train of events, as wonderful as they are providential, he is this day restored to me as well as to a numerous family. This (taking Olivia’s hand and leading her towards William) is the wife I have chosen for you.”—He received her with rapture. “ You have made me completely happy”, he said, “ my future life shall be spent in endeavouring to deserve your goodness.” “ As to you, Henry,” said his Aunt, “ the wife I chose for you is not yet arrived, you must therefore wait patiently for a time.” Henry smiled.—He saw his Aunt’s meaning, and instantly replied, “ Indeed, my dear Madam, you need not wait longer; this young lady” taking the hand of Mary, “ possesses every qualification I can desire in a wife, and, believe me, I have long surrendered up my heart, but my pride kept me from engaging myself quite so far as my brother. Have I your consent, My Lord, and yours, Madam, if I can gain her consent, to be united as soon as the couple you have just introduced to us, as one to be united with your approbation.?”

“ Well, well,” cried the Marchesa, “ It is time enough to talk of these things; I have a long history to hear and a short one to relate. Which is to begin ?”—

"You, if it so please you," answered Lord Lindford, "Some time ago I wrote my life, to be delivered to my children at my decease; it was given in charge to Alice, who will deliver it to me, when you shall all read it at your leisure, and now we are all attention."

"Thus, then I begin," replied his sister. "You left me the wife of the Hon. Mr. Cleveland, with whom I led a fashionable gay life. Equally thoughtless, we pursued a course of life a dukedom could not long have supported. The Marchese de Cortes, an old Italian nobleman, about this time arrived in England,—He had at different times seen me and became enamoured of me. The haughty air for which my own country-folks most disliked me, was, in his eyes, my chief charm. Cleveland gamed high, and one unlucky night, in a dispute with another person, he gave a challenge and the next morning met his adversary, who at the first shot deprived him of life. Though I grieved at the manner of his death yet it could not be supposed I was inconsolable for the loss of a man I had been compelled to marry. I found myself without a friend, and, when my creditors were paid, without a single guinea. My cloaths and a few family jewels were all that was left of the wreck of our once noble Fortune. In this distress I knew not what to do, when, with a generosity all his own, the Marchese stepped forward and tendered his hand and fortune, his heart he said had long been in my possession. In my acceptance of him love had nought to do; but, could I do otherwise? My late friends, if they deserved that title, had shunned my company or affected to pity that distress they had not friendship enough to relieve.

On my marriage with the Marchese my triumph was completed; but, chagrined with the discovery my adversity had made, my pride and haughtiness daily increased. I had no reason to regret the choice I had made, for my husband's generosity was unbounded; and at his death he left immense treasures solely in my name as well as in my power to dispose of in what manner I pleased. His sister, (the widow of an English officer of rank), had left to his charge two nephews, whose large fortunes were entirely under the influence of their uncle, who, at his

death delegated that trust and power to myself. I need not inform you those nephews are William and Henry, whom I have instructed to call me Aunt, as I fully intended, if they behaved in such a manner as I could approve, to leave them my heirs. I had then, as I thought, no other relative, but I know their hearts too well to suppose, if I now otherwise dispose of my wealth, that it will give them a moment's uneasiness."

They here both assured her it would give them infinite pleasure to know the interesting family of Lord Lindford would, in her protection, be safe from the stern fortune which had hitherto pursued them. "And now," said the Marchesa, "I have nothing more to relate unless it is my intention in regard to yourself. When I found William's designs were honourable my pride was alarmed, and on his return I loaded him with reproaches his fiery nature could ill brook, he retired from my presence; In a moment I saw I had acted wrong and followed Henry to his brother's room. In the adjoining apartment I overheard the scheme which was to be put into practice on the morrow. Exasperated at this, I called two of my servants whose rough nature I concluded equal to the task I had for them to perform. To them I imparted some of my fears as well as my wish to send you that very night away to some distant country, where, for the present, I hoped you would be safe from the pursuit of William; for this purpose, I meant to offer you a large bribe. One of the men, a shrew'd fellow, humbly proposed another plan, which was the one executed; it was from him I learnt the way into the cavern, which, in fact is known to all my servants.

"He likewise inform'd me that it was generally supposed Seignor St. Alver had some particular reason for wishing to live unknown; as when they came first to the village every one supposed the two old folks they called Uncle and Aunt had been their servants; and that they were people who had seen better days I found was the opinion of almost every one of my tenants. Convinced in my own mind that the mystery was rather of a criminal nature. I thought it would not be amiss to excite your fear, as then force would be unnecessary.—

Your alarm would make you accept of the offers made you of secrecy; and now," added she, " my story is ended, we will amuse ourselves the rest of the evening; and, to-morrow, if you will give him leave, my nephew shall read aloud your manuscript, which I should like to hear, as it must contain many occurrences to which I am a stranger. " Agreed," said her brother, " be Henry the reader, and you will then judge of the hardships I have struggled with.

On the following day, when they were all assembled, Lord Linford gave some papers into the hands of Henry,—who thus began :

" For the satisfaction of my children I write this, that they may know and avoid the crimes of their father, and likewise that they may claim certain estates, which, while my bitter foe lives, I dare not. At the age of twenty-two, I came into possession of a large unencumbered estate, by the death of my father, with the titles and honors annexed to the name of Lindford (for that is my real name.) My sister, yet an infant, was left under my protection. The gaieties of life with me were just began, every kind of dissipation I launched into with avidity; nor did I awake from this giddy dream, until informed by my steward, I had no longer resources, except from the mortgage of part of my estates: it was then I cast my eyes around me for a wife, whose wealth would be likely to rescue me from my unpleasant situation. A young lady of great beauty had attracted my attention some time before; but, on learning she was the daughter of an humble cit, I had, from motives of pride, forbore to notice her. At this critical juncture, I accidentally heard she had the sum of fifty thousand pounds when she came of age at her own disposal. From this moment I redoubled my former assiduity, and learnt, from her beautiful lips, I was beloved; but, at the same time, she informed me, that her father, from himself being disappointed of a title, was so great an enemy to nobility, that he had vowed never to forgive his daughter, if she married any one possessed of that honor. Fearful of applying to him, I found no difficulty in persuading

the lovely girl to take the road to Scotland; as once mine, it would be useless for her father to object to the match.

On our return, the first thing we did, was to write and supplicate pardon; the answer was, "We had his eternal curses, and when he forgave us, he hoped heaven would withdraw its mercy from him for ever." The weight of a father's malediction pressed heavy on my wife's heart; she had a brother whom she hoped to make a mediator, but his execrations were if possible, more bitter than her fathers; enraged at this conduct, I took every means in my power to shew my contempt of them, and thus an established hatred took place between persons who ought to have been bound together by the strictest ties of love and friendship. Some years elapsed, ere we came to an open rupture, in that time I was become the father of three children, you Frederic, Olivia, and Mary, are those three.

I had one evening been at a Coffee-House waiting for a friend some time, when the waiter mistaking the person I described, ushered in a gentleman who proved to be young Cawthorn, the brother of my wife; on finding whom he had thus encountered, instead of turning back, took that opportunity to insult me. For some time I stopt my temper, and the thoughts of my wife kept me from drawing my sword, but, the epithets of villain and coward were not to be borne, and a duel ensued, in which he was severely wounded—I was obliged to fly my country for the space of two years, at that time I again returned to my wife and children; but here I found a far different reception from what I expected, my wife was grown sad and melancholy, and lived in the greatest privacy; at first I strove to wean her from her sorrows, and to persuade her I had not been to blame. In the latter particular I succeeded, in some measure, but the former daily increased.

Tired at length with my fruitless endeavours, I sought other company, and among the vices I contracted, a love, or rather habit of gaming, became predominant; unskilful as I was, it was not long ere I

became a dupe to those sharpers who are ever lying in wait for the unwary—my losses became serious, I was obliged to mortgage my estate.

Part of my wife's fortune remained unpaid, and I went to demand it; it was refused me, I applied to the law, and it was deemed necessary I should wait upon Old Cawthorn to expostulate. Disdaining the idea of fear, I neglected to take any one with me. On arriving at his house, I sent up the servant to say a gentleman having private business wished to see him. In a few minutes, I was conducted to the old gentleman's parlour—he started at the sight of me, and bade me be gone from his presence; this I refused, until he had listened to what I had to say.—Thus compelled to it, I had painted to him his daughters misery, in being denied the privilege of seeing him—I entreated him in the most pathetic terms to grant her his pardon and blessing, and in my zeal I had entirely forgot that money was the first object of my visit.

Whether my forbearance pleased him, or whether he was moved at the picture I had drawn, I know not; but he seemed to relent, when his son suddenly entered the room. "Villain," he exclaimed, "what is your business here? Is murder your intent?" "Take back the title," cried I, indignantly, "and apply it where you are conscious it will be more properly used." He drew his sword; "hold," cried the wretched father, "let me endeavour to reconcile you;" "never, never," answered his son, making a pass at me. "I could no longer refrain; I likewise drew my sword, at that moment old Cawthorn rushed between us; I had just parried a thrust of his sons, and was directing my sword towards him, when it entered the body* of my poor unhappy father-in-law. For a moment I was rooted to the spot, "God of Heaven," exclaimed I, in an agony of grief, "what have I done?" "Murdered my father," answered Cawthorn. He flew to the bell which he rung with violence.—The apartment was immediately filled with servants; "Take that man into custody," he said, "I accuse him of murder."

* See Frontispiece.

This was done ; I was watched with the strictest attention, nor was it my wish to escape. If he lived I knew he would exculpate me, if he died, I never expected peace more, and in that dreadful hour, I forgot even the horrors of a public execution, and I waited in the hopes he would recover.

A few hours elapsed, when I was told he had breathed his last, and I eagerly enquired if he had not spoken. I was answered "no ;" I then enquired if Mr. Cawthorn accused me of his death, and if he would not do me the justice to say it was done accidentally ; the person answered, so far from endeavouring to extenuate my fault, he said, that on entering his father's chamber, he heard him groan, on which he said, I attempted to renew the blow, but that he prevented me, though the wound I had given him he feared would prove mortal ; this unfortunately for me proved true.

I was sent to a place of confinement, where I was left to my own reflections, which may be supposed were not of the most pleasing kind. In this situation I remained some days, but so confused were my ideas, they passed without notice. At the end of that time my wife found means to visit me ; she talked of my escape, and for the first time I began to comprehend her intent, she promised to return the following evening, and bid me prepare to leave that place, but to conceal even the appearance of hope from the goaler. Her countenance struck me as much altered, but I attributed this to her sorrow at her father's death, and my imprisonment.

At her next visit I saw with alarm her looks were frenzied, and her eyes darted fire as she unfolded the plan. She brought a tall masculine woman, who belonged to our household, with her, I was to exchange cloaths, she was to remain in my stead ; and as every thing were prepared for our leaving the kingdom, it was hoped, we should be safe from pursuit ere my escape should be discovered, which could not be until noon the next day.

Before I quitted my prison, I insisted in telling my wife the matter, as it really happened. "Yes," said she, sighing deeply, "I knew it must be so, Charles I know is a villain, though he is my brother. But let us talk no more of this, "for you, my guardian angel," said she, turning to the woman, "I hope heaven will reward you in a different way, and with better things than the paltry gold it was in my power to bestow, the honest creature disclaimed all praise and we left her.

As we passed the guard, who waited while the exchange was made, we trembled so much that I feared we should not pass undiscovered, but my fears were vain; we reached home just for a few minutes, when a carriage drove to the door into which we stepped, and it drove off with the greatest rapidity: towards morning we reached a small village, where we stopt to change both carriage and horses as well as to alter my disguise, and again proceeded to Dover, where our children waited our arrival. A vessel was easily procured, and in a few hours we were in safety, at least for a time.

I know not how my wife's spirits could support her through such trials; but she had neglected nothing; all her jewels, cloaths, money, &c. had been either conveyed before or taken with us, and she had engaged a friend on whom she could confide, to write to her as soon as we were in a place of safety, and could send directions; this friend was no other than the person who would have inherited my estate, in case I had died without issue.

In an obscure village we lived for some time as Count St. Alvers, his lady and family, who we gave out to be persons who had dissipated a large fortune, and had retired thither in order to be out of the way of temptation, and to endeavour to recruit their shattering finances. I ought to have mentioned, at our first setting out, I had began to express my thanks to Lady Lindford, but she stopped me short, by telling me I must engage my word and honour never to renew the subject to her

again; but if I would wish her to enjoy any thing like peace for the future, I must never attempt to interfere in the way of life that she choose to lead. This I faithfully promised, but I was much hurt to find this way of life was nothing less than total seclusion not only from me but from the world; by degrees she attended to her children, but I seldom saw her.

It seems, when the fatal accident which separated me from my country, my wife was pregnant. As I saw her so seldom, it is no wonder I was ignorant of it until the birth of a child was announced; that child was Robert. His birth seemed for a time to draw his mother from her seclusion, and she again appeared sometimes to instruct her children.

In this manner passed five years of our lives; at the end of that time we were alarmed by our correspondents with the intelligence of our retreat being discovered by my enemy. Flight was again necessary, and, giving out that we intended going to Lisbon, we set out for another province; for some time we continued travelling not knowing where to settle. We had taken our two servants with us who were faithfully attached, we told them I wounded a man some time ago in a duel, and that his friends had sworn to assassinate me if ever they found me; that not willing to expose my life, for the sake of my children, I was obliged to live concealed from a foe who would not meet me on honourable terms.

The packet in which we were said to embark for Lisbon, was lost; and, dreadful as was the accident, I could not help congratulating myself on my future security.

One day a castle at some distance attracted my attention; I carelessly enquired concerning it, but what was my pleasure when I found it was to be disposed of upon such easy terms that it was no difficulty for me to become a purchaser; when settled in this retreat, I again wrote to my friend, telling him I should send my eldest son shortly for his education, and as he

had no children of his own, he could educate him as some relation until some lucky accident should happen, when he could produce him as the rightful heir. In the mean time I ordered him to take to the estate as though I was really dead, as then he could reimburse himself as well for the education of my boy, as in sending me remittances now and then, though I determined the latter should be very limited.

To my children alone is this manuscript addressed; it is therefore unnecessary to relate our manner of living, while resident at the castle.

On the death of your mother, Alice was with her, she spoke of her brother and her father wildly. I questioned Alice on what she had said, and found from it that I must trust her with the whole of this mystery; this done, I had no difficulty in persuading her to take an oath of secrecy, but the security in which I had flattered myself I should end my days then was cruelly interrupted: it was not death I feared, but it was that my implacable enemy, when he gained a knowledge of my retreat, would find some means to get me into his power, and by stratagem convey me to England: for it was there only I had broken the laws, if the crime, or (as I termed it myself) accident, I had committed, deserved punishment; I often thought I could have suffered readily, but knowing the only man who could appear against me would not scruple to swear it was done intentionally, I was constantly in fear, and this will account to you, my children, for my strange behaviour.

On the day we abruptly left the castle, I received a letter, informing me he had been in company with Cawthorn, who told him he had heard I was still living. That he should embark immediately for Italy, where I was, and never would he rest until he had taken ample vengeance on me and my family.

My friend, added he, had been confined for some time, and feared to trust any one to write to me; but he censured me, if I was yet safe, to delay not a day as my

enemy had the start of the letters at least a fortnight.

I have now nothing more to add, except that you have perhaps an aunt living ; when I first went abroad, she was married to a gentleman of the name of Cleveland. Her husband died some time afterwards, and since that time, I could get but very imperfect accounts. My friend lives very retired ; he at one time told me she was dead, at another, he had since heard she still lived, and was married to a foreigner of some distinction. Hopeless of ever seeing her again myself, and not daring to write to her, lest by that means I should be discovered, I have long given up all thoughts of that kind.

I sincerely hope my beloved children will avoid the fault of their parents, and ultimately they must become more happy than they ever were. Disobedience constituted our first fault, from that proceeded every other.

It may perhaps become a matter of wonder, why I took the name of Count St. Alvers : I intended to make my myself pass as a Frenchman, and had formerly known an old gentleman of that name, who died without issue. It was the first that came into my mind when I considered a change of name necessary ; when I removed to the castle, I would have again changed it, but on second thoughts, we deemed it unnecessary, for chance might reveal this circumstance ; besides, our pursuers would perhaps think we were not those they sought, if we still retained the same name. —

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Here the manuscript broke off. Henry, at the conclusion, restored it to Lord Lindford, who enquired how the Marchesa knew of the death of Cawthorn.

My first letters, she answered, mentioned his death, and likewise his confession, that you were innocent of the intentional murder of his father, who, in endeavouring to part you, received the wounds of which he died. He further gave his reasons for his violent hatred of you: it seems he had been much addicted to gaming, and one night lost immense sums, to a person who long loved his sister, but had been rejected.

This gentleman promised to cancel the debt, and likewise to give him a considerable sum to pay others that he had contracted, if he would promise him the hand of his sister; but, if she married another, he was to pay the full sum as well as denied the promised loan. Ere he had formed his schemes; the young lady became your wife, when, almost frantic at his ill success, he swore eternal vengeance on you and your family; how he succeeded, you know too well, but thank God you are at length safe, and your children may now claim that name and fortune, they have so long been unjustly deprived of.

It is now time to see after the two youths in England; they arrived safe there, and met with a reception as kind as it was sincere. Robert was soon settled at the same college his brother had left, and Frederic accepted a commission in a regiment of foot, where he behaved himself so well, as to gain the esteem of all his brother officers, particularly his commander, who frequently took him to his country seat; he had one daughter who was on a visit to a relation at this time, but shortly expected home.

One evening he was returning to London after spending the day with the general, when he was alarmed with a noise like the breaking down of a carriage, and immediately after, a loud scream directed him to the

spot where the accident had just happened. He found a young lady of about 15 or 16 years of age, supporting one who seemed 4 or 5 years older, who lay in a swoon. Frederic flew to their assistance; their two maids were still in the carriage, and unable to release themselves. The men had been dispatched in search of a place to which they could repair, as well as for some one to assist them.

In a short time Frederic was enabled to extricate the servants from their perilous situation, as well as to be of service to the lady who was insensible; as soon as she opened her eyes, he set out in hopes of finding a house where she could be conveyed, for it was found her arm was broken, and she was otherwise much bruised. The servants had first assisted their mistresses out of the carriage, but when they found her apparently dead, they thought no more of any one else, but all set out different ways.

Frederic was the most fortunate of those set out in search, for he very soon espied a farm-house at a distance; he flew towards it, and knocked loudly to the inhabitants, who, as soon as they learned what had happened, collected their servants, &c. together, and set off to the assistance of the sufferers; the only one unable to walk was Miss Selwood, whom Frederic learnt was the daughter of the General, at whose house he spent day; with the greatest attention, he helped to convey her himself to the spot, nor stirred from thence until he heard there was no immediate danger. Then he instantly rode to the hospitable mansion he a few hours before had quitted.

He found the good General Selwood under the greatest affliction; for, expecting his daughter long before that time, he feared some dreadful accident had happened. What Frederic had to relate, fell so much short of the dismal tidings he expected, that he embraced him in a transport of joy, and said he would make his fortune, ere another year passed over his head. He insisted on his staying from that time at his house, and he was

really adored in the family from the highest to the lowest. Every day he rode with the anxious father to the farm, where he soon found another motive than merely to enquire her welfare. He loved the fair Eliza Selwood, who, on the other hand, was struck with the manly graces of her deliverer; but fearing, however her father might respect her lover, he would not approve of him as a son, she endeavoured to stifle her love and behold him with indifference.

Frederic too, sensible of the difference of his rank, strove to conquer his love, and, in this situation they were, when letters arrived from Italy, informing him of the change in his father's affairs. Overjoyed at this intelligence, which placed him on a level with the object of his love, he flew to the General, whom he surprised with his declarations of love for his daughter, and his own future prospects. He smiled at his warmth, but declared he would by no means bias his daughter's inclinations; he must therefore try his suit before her, and perhaps, he gaily said, she may tell you to return to Italy, in search of some fair one, to whom you may have pledged your heart.

It is almost needless to say, Eliza heard him with pleasure, and deferred their nuptials only until the arrival of Lord Lindford, and the Marchesa de Cortes who, with her nephew and neices were hourly expected. Robert was sent for from college, and the whole party waited their arrival in the greatest anxiety.

At length the happy day arrived which restored the wandering family to their native land as well as to each others arms. The father held his sons in his arms, while he repeatedly blessed them. The sisters wept as they were pressed to the bosom of their happy brothers, all was joy and pleasure. The old General was half frantic; the Marchesa experienced inexpressible delight, while Lord Lindford felt himself repayed for the many miserable years he had spent.

After the first rejoicings were over, a mutual explanation took place between all parties.—A day was fixed on for the celebration of the three marriages, while every hand was busied in making preparations, and every face appeared dressed in smiles.

Lord Lindford applied to the King, who, when he had heard his story, readily ordered all his estates to be restored, while he graciously congratulated him on his triumph over his enemy, and gave him to understand his place about his person and heart, was again in his power to accept or reject. Lord Lindford declined again entering into the intrigues of a court, alledging his impaired health, which plea was granted by his sovereign who promised to transfer his favour to his children.

This affair being settled, he returned to his family seat, where his friend received him with open arms, and his children were assembled with their relations and lovers. The General, his daughter, and niece soon arrived, and the ceremony as had been agreed, immediately took place. The General gave his daughter an ample fortune, and insisted upon providing for Robert, who he said he foresaw, would, in time, become his nephew (for the little Adelaide and him were inseparable companions), and arrive at the same rank as himself: He lived to see his prophecy fulfilled.

Surrounded by his children, Lord Lindford forgot the anxiety he had undergone; while the Marchesa losing the haughtiness of her manners, became the delight of her relations. Old Alice and Jaques continued to live with their respected master, not as servants, but as humble friends. The generous woman, who had formerly personated Lord Lindford in prison, was sought after and found; she married, and her husband, herself, and children were raised to comparative affluence, by which they learned a benevolent action, never fails of reaping its reward.

Let us humbly hope, from this little tale, the vicious will not find their faults approved, while the virtuous may observe the reward of being so. The fault of disobedience to our parents, never prospers, and seldom fails of meeting with an exemplary punishment.

FINIS.

J. BAILEY, Printer, 116, Chancery Lane.